

1.In the great absence

A vacant life
An absence of “You”
To narrate the possibility is impossible
“You” basically a silhouette
Made out of loneliness
“You” basically a silhouette
An ideal composite feature
Is perfection contradicted with life?
Or life itself is too absurd to love or to be loved
A vacant life
An absence of “You”
I missed “You”
I really missed “You”

2.How to be non-fatalist

Show me your colours
Show me your true colours
Is it black, white or grey?
Show me your true colours
I’ll shows you mine; my favorite colour
Monochromatic shade me
Self-doctrine fatalist
I believe in momentary
All is momentary
This is mistake
An error
I saw them dancing in pale skin and grey hair
On the brink of non-existent
They celebrated life
This is a celebration

3. Intrigue tales of loneliness and confession

In recurring themes
Emit light, wide eyes
Substance to gives
Ecstasy in the silver screen
Monologues after fatigue dialogue
Striking bright colours
In red and blue
In lack of composure (ALL IN VAIN)
Emit light, wide eyes (ALL IN VAIN)
In lack of composure (ALL IN VAIN)

6. She

She is a poetry incarnate
From her sacred womb to infinite colours realm
She always paint me the perfect hue
She is a poetry incarnate
To cherished
To behoden
To embrace in your loving arms
You are the embodiment of love
Blessed be by mother's milk for I am always your child
You are embodiment of love

5. Melankolia

Atma yang hilang
Ritma halus melayang
Bisik perih disulam perlahan
Melankolia berterus-terusan

6. Infinitely precious

‘Precious’
Bask in light
Cherished these moments
Casual pulsating conversations lead to none
But being in companion are always excite me
Always excite me
Fragments collected
We cherished/carry these moments
Once I'm lost and now I'm found
A glimpse of fire/light flicker
Flicker flicker bright
Infinitely precious

7. I am art critique and your poetry is just pseudo-novella

Exquisite taste of blue-mist I inhale
Black tar tooted deep in my lungs
Love cease to end
Swallow mouthful of spit
I believe love will be constant ephemera
Like a brief whisper, echoes of distant away
Constant ephemera

8.Solemn music playing

Words impregnate vagueness
Cryptic message become too dull
Too poetic lead to path less taken
Too preachy lead to dogmatic sermon
A grand design; yearning to be great
But always ill-fated, is there to wait?
A permanent scar, a facture soul
The entire spectators stare in cold

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